

Chastities Conquest ,

O R, No Trusting before Marriage. A New Song,

You Virgins that your Fame and Honour prize.
Learn here by saving both, how to be wise.
Secure your Treasure till you have secur'd }
The Purchaser and then you are insur'd }
A thing that forehand freeness ne'r procur'd.

To the Tune of, *Canst thou not weave Bone-lace.*

This may be Printed. R P.



Canst thou not weave Bonelace,
yea by Lady that I can,
canst thou not lisp with Grace
yea as well as any one,
Canst thou not Card and Spin
yea by Lady that I can
And do the other thing
wee I'll do what I can
Come then, and be my sweet
To Bed I'll carry thee
So in Goeud faith not a bit
Unless you marry me:

Marriage is not the mode
then I'll make it so,
Duce o'the common Road
I'll ne'r forsake it so
Thou shalt in me possess
all Joys that can be had
Then give a consenting Kiss;
Then wed me first my Lad
Let us but gang to the Priest
So dear I tender thee.
Then Kiss on and do what you list
faith. I'll not hinder thee

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We shall soon weary grow
 change will soon tyre you
 Ah do not tell me so
 Since I admire you
 For when I touch thy Breasts
 thy charms so fire me
 Per needles is a Priest
 Then come no nigher me,
 For when you tempt me to bed
 I'll be no sick lly fool,
 But if you'll buckle and wed,
 then kiss your Belly full.

If as you say you Love
 make I'll be your wedded Mate,
 And you shall freely have
 what ever you'd be at
 Will you not then my Joy
 without you'r wedded strike
 So by my troth not I
 Such loving I'll not like
 But wedded my Arms shall bless
 thy passion to the light
 And with a consenting kiss
 my Love to his Joys invite.

Let's no kind minutes wast
 I'll lead thee to my Bed,
 Where Loves delights we'll tast
 and so to morrow be wedded
 Good faith I'll not agree,
 I'll venture no such thing
 Troth you'r deceived in me
 and must begin again
 Come lay this Bathfulness by
 your bluthes I will hide
 What harm is it now to try
 If you'r to morrow my Side.

I'll never yield to that
 O don't desire me
 To to the De'l knows what
 Who'd then admire me
 Well thou hast won my Heart,
 Thy Virtues fire me
 I'll wed and never part
 As you require me
 Soft murmurs and Sighs shall probe
 What Joys you render me
 O Kiss then and surfeit one Love
 Faith I'll not angry be.

Printed for P. Brookshy at the Golden Ball near the Bear Tavern in Pjcorner.